THE MAYOR OF Quinborough: A TRAGEDY:

As it hath been often Acted with much Applause at *Black-Fryars*, By His Majesties Servants.

Written by THO. MIDDLETON.

LONDON,
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GENTLEMEN,

YOu have the first sight of him I assure you; this Mayor *of* Quinborough *whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the Stage, now begins to walk abroad in Print; he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his Wit, which is enough (by the way) to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but Wit you know, has skulk'd in Corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself: Now whether this Magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their Liberties during the time of their Mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great picque to the Rebel* Oliver; *I am told his drollery yields to none the* English Dramma *did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his Commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of Wit, betwixt the* Mayor *of* Quinborough, *and the* Mayor *of* Huntingdon.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Conſtantius.
Aurelius Ambroſius.
Uther Pendragon.
Vortiger.
Hengiſt.
Horſus.
Devonſhire,
Stafford. } British Lords.
Gentlemen.
Symon.
Oliver.
Taylour.
Barber.
Aminadab.
Footmen.
Souldiers.
Cheaters.
Caſſius.
Roxena.
Ladies.
Raynulph Monck of *Cheſter.*
Germanus.
Lupus. } Moncks.
Crafters.

The Mayor of Quinborough.

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Enter Raynulph.

Ray. WHat *Raynulph* Monck of *Chester* can
Raise from his Polyctanitcon
That raiseth him as works do men
To see long parted light agen,
That best may please this round fair ring
With sparkling Diamonds circled in,
I shall produce: If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid I go to rest;
Ancient stories have been best,
Fashions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more then you;
Elder times have us'd the same,
Though these new ones get the name:
So in story what now told
That takes not part with days of old?
Then to approve times mutual glory
Joyn new times love to old times story. *Exit.*

Shouts within; Then Enter Vortiger.

Vor. Will that wide throated Beast, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Advised when they first make such Monsters.
How neer was I to a Scepter and a Crown?

Fair Power was even upon me, my desires
Were casting glory, till this forked Rabble
With their infectious Acclamations
Poyson'd my Fortunes for *Constantines* sons.
Well, though I rise not King, I'le seek the means
To grow as neer to one as policy can,
And choak their expectations. Now, good Lords,
In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as humane dignity can aspire,
Are yet those Truncks that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?

Enter Devon. *and* Stafford.

Devon. Nor are they like to be for ought we gather,
Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them;
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.
Vor. Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,
I'le strive to enter at a straighter passage;
Your sudden aid and counsels, good my Lords.
Staff. They are ours no longer then they do you service.

Enter Constantius (*as a Monck, attended by other Moncks*)
Vortiger *stays him.*

Vor. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein Heaven is serv'd too, though not so purely:
Constantius, eldest son of *Constantine*,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of Birth.
Con. On me! for what Lords?
Vor. The Kingdoms Government.
Con. Oh powers of Blessedness!
Keep me from growing downwards into earth again.
I hope I am further on my way then so; set forwards.
Vor. You must not.
Con. How!
Vor: I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us,
When you shall read in every Britans brow

The

The urg'd neceſſity of the times.

Con. What neceſſity can there be in the world
But prayer and repentance? and that buſineſs
I am about now.

Ver. Hark afar off ſtill,
We loſe and hazard much; holy *Gervadine*,
And Reverend *Lupus*, with all expedition
Set the Crown on him.

Con. No ſuch mark of Fortune
Comes neer my head.

Ver. My Lord, we are forc'd to rule you.

Con. Dare you receive Heavens light in at your Eye-lids
And offer violence to Religion?
Take heed, the very Beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you; On theſe knees,
Hardned with zealous Prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingneſs and anguiſh
A glorified Soul parted from the Body
Would to that loathſome Gaol again return,
With ſuch great pain a well ſubdued affection
Re-enters wordly buſineſs.

Ver. Good my Lord,
I know you cannot lodge ſo many Vertues,
But Patience muſt be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeneſs of your own conſent
Which elſe muſt be conſtrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak good my Lord,
For you bind up more ſins in this delay
Then thouſand Prayers can abſolve again.

Con. Were't but my death, you ſhould not kneel ſo long for't.

Ver. 'Twill be the death of Millions if you riſe not,
And that betimes too: Lend your help my Lords,
For fear all come too late.

Con. This is a Cruelty
That peaceful man did never ſuffer yet
To make me dye again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.

Forc'd

Hold *Lupus* and *Germanus*, you are lights
Of Holiness and Religion, can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

Ger. Not when a time so violent calls upon you,
Who is born a Prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only; Heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there.
What is in you religious must be shown
In saving many more Souls then your own.

Con. Did not great *Constantine*, our Noble Father,
Deem me unfit for Government and Rule,
And therefore prais'd me into this profession?
Which I have held strict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me, your selves can witness
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bless'd you with the lives of my two Brothers,
Fix your obedience there, leave me a Servant.

All. Long live *Constantius*, Son of *Constantine*,
King of Great *Britain*.

Con. I do feel a want
And extream poverty of Joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men,
To keep them quiet I have lost it all.
What can the Kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruine of another;
Nor can the peace so filch'd ever thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held Sacriledge
To rob a Temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from the Soul
(The consecrated Alter in a man:)
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me,
I know no more the way to temporal Rule
Then he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desart; well may the weight kill me,
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.

Vor. Not so, great King, here stoops a faithful servant

Would ſooner periſh under it with cheerfulneſs
Then your meek Soul ſhould feel oppreſſion
Of ruder cares; ſuch common coarſe employments
Caſt upon me your ſervant, upon *Vortiger*;
I ſee you are not made for noiſe and pains,
Clamours of Suitors, Injuries and Redreſſes,
Millions of Actions, riſing with the Sun,
Like Laws ſtill ending and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the ſtate
Of his marble Monument: with over-watching,
To be oppreſs'd is not requir'd of you, my Lord,
But only to be King: the broken ſleeps
Let me take from you, Sir; the toyls and troubles,
All that is burthenous in Authority
Pleaſe you lay it on me, and what is glorious
Receive it to your own brightneſs.

Con. Worthy *Vortiger*,
If 'twere not ſin to grieve anothers patience
With what we cannot tolerate our ſelf,
How happy were I in thee and thy love?
There's nothing makes man feel his miſeries
But knowledge only; reaſon, that is plac'd
For mans director is his chief afflictor;
For though I cannot bear the weight my ſelf,
I cannot have that barrenneſs of remorſe
To ſee another groan under my burthen.

Vor. I am quite blown up a conſcionable way,
There's even a trick of murthering in ſome pity;
The death of all my hopes I ſee already:
There was no other likelihood, for Religion
Was never friend of mine yet.

Con. Holy Partners in ſtricteſt abſtinence
Cruel neceſſity hath forc'd me from you,
We part, I fear for ever, but in mind
I will be always here, here let me ſtay.

Devon. My Lord you know the times.

Con. Farewel bleſt Souls, I fear I ſhall offend, *Ex. all but Vor.*
He that draws tears from you takes your beſt friend.

Vor. Can the great motion of Ambition ſtand
Like wheels falſe wrought by an unskilful hand?
Then time ſtand thou too, let no hopes arrive
At their ſweet wiſhfulneſs, till mine ſet forwards:
Would I could ſtay the exiſtence, as I can
Thy glaſſie counterfeit in hours of ſand,
I'ld keep thee turn'd down till my wiſhes roſe,
Then wee'ld both riſe together.
What ſeveral Inclinations are in nature?
How much is he diſquieted, and wears Royalty
Diſdainfully upon him, like a Curſe,
Calls a fair Crown the weight of his afflictions!
When here's a Soul would ſink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered, I will uſe all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what moſt may diſcontent his blood,
Making my Maſque my Zeal to the publick good.
Not poſſible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man. *Enter two Graſiers.*

1 *Gra.* An honourable life encloſe your Lordſhip.

Vor. Now, what are you?

2 *Gra.* Graſiers if't like your Lordſhip.

Vor. So it ſhould ſeem by your Encloſures;
What's your affair with me?

1 *Gra.* We are your Petitioners,
My Lord.

Vor. For what? depart, Petitioners to me!
You have well deſerved my grace and favour, have you not a Ruler
After your own Election? bye you to Court,
Get neer and cloſe, be loud and bold enough,
You cannot chuſe but ſpeed. *Exit.*

2 *Gra.* If that will doe't
We have throats wide enough, wee'l put them to't. *Exeunt.*

Dumb ſhow. *Fortune diſcovered, in her hand a round Ball full of Lots; then enters* Hengiſt *and* Horſus, *with others; they draw Lots, and having opened them, all depart, ſave* Hengiſt *and* Horſus, *who kneel and*

and embraces; then enter Roxena, *seeming to take leave of* Hengist *in great passion, but more especially and warily of* Horsus, *her Lover; she departs one way,* Hengist *and* Horsus *another.*

Enter *Raynulph.*

Ray. When *Germany* was over-grown
With Sons of peace too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd Lots to lead out men,
And they whom Fortune here withstands
Must prove their Fates in other Lands.
On these two Captains fell the Lot;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was *Roxena's* cunning grief,
Who from her Father like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears
Which her lustful Lover wears,
In many a stoln and wary kiss
Unseen of Father: Maids do this
Yet highly scorn to be call'd Strumpets too,
But what they lack of't I'le be judg'd by you. *Exit.*

Enter Vortiger, *Feltmonger, Button-maker, Grasier,* Petitioners.

Vor. This way his Majesty comes.
All. Thank your good Lordship.
Vor. When you hear you door open.
All. Very good my Lord.
Vor. Be ready with your several suits, put forward.
Gras. That's a thing every man does naturally, Sir,
That is a Suitor, and doth mean to speed.
Vor. 'Tis well you are so deep learn'd, take no denials.
All. No my good Lord.
Vor. Not any, if you love
The prosperity of your Suits; you marre all utterly
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,

If either fifth or sixth, nay tenth repulse
Fasten upon your bashfulness.
All. Say you so, my Lord?
We can be troublesome if we list.
Ver. I know it,
I felt it but too late in the general summe
Of your ranck Brother-hood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'le study
For a second, then a third to that, one still
To vex another, that he shall be glad
To yield up power, if not, it shall be had. *Exit.*
But. Hark, I protest my heart was coming upwards,
I thought the door had opened.
Graf. Marry would it had Sir.
But. I have such a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throbb
At the very fall of a Farthingale.
Graf. Not if it fall on the rushes. presently:)
But. Yes truly if there be no light in the room I shall throbb
The first time it took me my wife was in the company,
I remember the room was not half so light as this,
But I'le be sworn I was a whole hour in finding her.
Graf. Berlady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.
But. Still I felt men, but I could feel no women,
I thought they had been all sunk, I have made a Vow for't,
I'le never have meeting while I live by Candle-light again.
Graf. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.
But. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.
But I'le never trust candle naked again.
Graf. Hark, hark, stand close, it opens now indeed. *Enter*
But. Oh Majesty, what art thou! I'ld give any man Constan-
Half my Suit to deliver my petition; It is in the behalf tius *and*
Of Button-makers, and so it seems by my flesh. *two Gentle-*
Con. Pray do not follow me, unless you do it *men.*
To wonder at my garments, there's no cause
I give you why you should, 'tis shame enough
Methinks to look upon my self;
It grieves me that more should, the other weeds
Became me better, but the Lords are pleas'd

To

To force me to wear these, I would not else:
I pray be satisfied, I call'd you not.
Wonder of madness, can you stand so idle
And know that you must dye!

1 *Gent.* We are all commanded, Sir,
Besides it is our duties to your grace
To give attendance.

Con. What a wild thing is this?
No marvel though you tremble at deaths name
When you'l not see the cause why you are fools:
For Charities sake desist here I pray you,
Make not my presence guilty of your sloth,
Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.

2 *Gent.* What hopes have we to rise by following him?
I'le give him over shortly.

1 *Gent.* He's too nice,
Too holy for young Gentlemen to follow
That have good faces, and sweet running fortunes.

Con. Eight hours a day in serious contemplation
Is but a bare allowance, no higher food
To the Soul then bread and water to the body,
And that's but needful, then more would do better.

But. Let us all kneel together, 'twill move pity,
I have been at the begging of a hundred Suits.

Con. How happy am I in the sight of you?
Here are religious souls that lose not time,
With what devotion do they point at Heaven,
And seem to check me, that am too remiss?
I bring my zeal among you, holy men,
If I see any kneel, and I sit out,
That hour is not well spent; methinks, strict souls,
You have been of some Order in your times?

Graf. Graziers and Braziers some, and this a Felt-maker.

But. Here's his Petition and mine, if it like your Grace.

Graf. Look upon mine, I am the longest Suitor,
I was undone seven years ago.

Con. You have mockt my good hopes, call you these Petitions?
Why there's no form of Prayer among them all.

But. Yes.

But. Yes in the bottom there's half a line prays for your Ma-
If you look on mine. jesty,)

Con. Make your requests to Heaven, not to me.

But. 'Las mine's a supplication for brass buttons, Sir.

Felt. There's a great enormity in wool,
I beseech your Grace consider it.

Gra. Pastures rise 2[4] an acre, what will this world come to?

But. I do beseech your Grace.

Gra. Good your Grace.

Con. Oh this is one of my afflictions
That with the Crown enclos'd me, I must bear it.

Gra. Your Graces answer to my supplication.

But. Mine my Lord.

Con. No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.

Felt. Your Highness answer.

Gra. We are almost all undone, the Country begger'd.

But. See, see, he points at Heaven, as who should say
There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither,
There's no good to be done, I see that already,
We may all spend our mouths like a company of Hounds
In chase of a Royal Deer, and then go home
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

Gra. My wife will hang me, that's my curtish destiny. *Exeunt.*

Con. Thanks Heaven, 'tis over now, we should never know right-
The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm. ly)
Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now,
All's still and silent, here is a true Kingdom. *Enter* Vortiger.

Vor. My Lord.

Con. Again?

Vor. Alas this is but early
And gentle to the troops of businesses
That flock about Authority: You must forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.

Con. How, to marry?

Vor. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,
The peoples wills are violent, and covetous
Of a succession from your Loyns.

Con. From me there can come none, a profes'd abstinence

Hath

Hath set a Virgin Seal upon my bloud,
And alter'd all the Course; the heat I have
Is all enclos'd within a zeal to vertue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation;
Alas, I shall but forfeit all their hopes,
I'me a man made without desires, tell them.
Ver. I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless,
A Virgin of the highest Subjects bloud
They have pickt out for your embrace, and send her
Blest with their general wishes into fruitfulness. *Enter*
Lo, where she comes, my Lord. *Castina.*
Con. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch;
A patience I could find for all but this.
Cast. My Lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerously.
Ver. 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politique.
Cast. That's an uncharitable practice, trust me Sir.
Ver. No more of that.
Cast. But say he should affect me, Sir,
How should I scape him then? I have but one faith, my Lord,
And that you have already, our late contract is a divine witness to't.
Ver. I am not void of shifting rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. *Exit.*
Cast. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it, I love Lord *Vortiger*,
But not these practices, th'are too uncharitable.
Con. Are you a Virgin?
Cast. Never yet, my Lord,
Known to the will of man.
Con. Oh blessed Creature!
And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of Heaven, now in the state you stand in;
And had you rather, after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness?

Keep

Keep ſtill that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaſt lump of eternity, 'tis a treaſure
Too precious for deaths moment to partake,
This twinckling of ſhort life; diſdain as much
To let mortality know you, as ſtars to kiſs the pavements, y'have a
As excellent as theirs, holding your pureneſs, ſubſtance)
They look upon corruption, as you do,
But are ſtars ſtill, be you a Virgin too.

Caſt. I'le never marry, what though my truth be engag'd
To *Vortiger*? forſaking all the world
I ſave it well, and do my faith no wrong.
Y'have mightily prevail'd, great vertuous Sir,
I am bound eternally to praiſe your goodneſs,
My thoughts henceforth ſhall be as pure from man
As ever made a Virgins name immortal.

Con. I will do that for joy I never did *As he kiſſes her,*
Nor ever will again. *Enter* Vortiger *and*

Gent. My Lord, he's taken. *Gentlemen.*

Vor. I am ſorry for't, I like not that ſo well,
Th'are ſomething too familiar for their time methinks,
This way of kiſſing is no way to vex him;
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
Could endure more then that, coming from a woman.
Diſpatch, and bring his anſwer ſpeedily. *Exit.*

Gent. My Lord, my gracious Lord.

Con. Beſhrew thy heart.

Gent. They all attend your Grace.

Con. I would not have them,
'Twould pleaſe me better if they'ld all depart
And leave me to my ſelf, or put me out
And take it to themſelves.

Gent. The Noon is paſt,
Meat's on the table.

Con. Meat! away, get from me,
Thy memory is diſeas'd, what Saints Eeve's this?

Gen. Saint *Agatha's* I take it.

Con. Is it ſo?
I am not worthy to be ſerv'd before her,

And so return I pray.

Gent. He'll starve the Guard
If this be suffer'd; If we set Court bellies
By a Monastery Clock, he that breaks a fellows pate now
Will not be able to crack a louse within this twelve months. *Exit.*

Con. 'Tis sure forgetfulness and not mans will
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit such errours,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons? *Enter* Vortiger.

Vor. My Lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty:
Will your Grace please to walk? dinner stays for you.

Con. I have answer'd that already.

Vor. But, my Lord,
We must not so yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you must be rul'd, Sir,
Your health and life is dearer to us now,
Think where you are, at Court, this is no Monastery.

Con. But Sir, my Conscience keeps still where it was,
I may not eat this day.

Vor. We have sworn you shall,
And plentifully too, we must preserve you, Sir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no slight condition
To be a King.

Con. Would I were less then man.

Vor. Will you make the people rise, my Lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.

Con. I never eat on Eeves.

Vor. But now you must,
It concerns others healths that you take food,
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.

Con. This is beyond all cruelty.

Vor. 'Tis our care my Lord. *Exeunt*

ACT. 2. SCENA 1.

Enter Vortiger *and* Castiza.

Cast. MY Lord, I am resolv'd, tempt me no farther,
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.
Vor. Are you well?
Cast. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.
Vor. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.
Cast. Would you were then,
You'd praise my resolution.
Vor. This is wondrous,
Are you not mine by contract?
Cast. 'Tis most true, my Lord,
And I am better blest in't then I look'd for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly;
I am bound my Lord, to marry none but you,
You'l grant me that; and you l'le never marry.
Vor. It draws me into violence and hazard,
I saw you kiss the King.
Cast. I grant you so Sir,
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge
A King is the best part of it.
Vor. Oh my passion!
Cast. I see you something yielding to Infirmity; Sir,
I take my leave.
Vor. Why, 'tis not possible!
Cast. The fault is in your faith, time I were gone
To give it better strengthening:
Vor. Hark you, Lady.

Cast.

Cast. Send your intent to the next Monastery,
There you shall find my answer ever after,
And so with my last duty to your Lordship,
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own. *Exit.*

Vor. How am I serv'd in this? I offer a vexation to the King,
He sends it home into my bloud with vantage.
I'le put off time no longer, I have brought him
Into most mens neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease
More then devotion, or the publick benefit;
Which catcheth many mens beliefs. I am stronger too
In peoples wishes, their affections point at me.
I lose much time and glory, that redeem'd,
She that now flyes returns with joy and wonder,
Greatness and womans wish ne're keep asunder. *Exit.*

Dumb show. *Enter two Villains, to them* Vortiger, *who seems to sollicite them with gold, then swears them, and* Exit. *Enter* Constantius *meditating, they rudely strike down his Book, draw their Swords, he kneels and spreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter* Vortiger, Devonshire *and* Stafford *in Conference, to them the Villains presenting the head, he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabbs them both. Then they crown* Vortiger, *and fetch in* Castiza, *who comes unwillingly, he hales her, and they crown her.* Aurelius *and* Uther *Brothers of* Constantius, *seeing him crowned, draw and fly.*

Enter *Raynulph.*

Ray. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good Kings patience, they did hire
Two wicked Rogues to take his life,
In whom a while there fell a strife
Of pity and fury, but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold:

Then to *Vortiger* they bring
The head of that religious King,
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the slaughterers bloud be spilt.
Then crown they him, and force the Maid,
That vow'd a Virgin-life, to wed.
Such a strength great power extends,
It conquers Fathers, Kindred, Friends.
And since Fates pleas'd to change her life
She proves as holy in a Wife.
More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues must say;
Onely this, the good King dead
The Brothers poor in safety fled. *Exit.*

Enter Vortiger (*Crowned*) *a Gentleman meeting him.*

Gent. My Lord.
Vor. I fear thy News will fetch a Curse,
It comes with such a violence.
Gent. The people are up
In Armes against you.
Vor. Oh this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee
Must I for ever lose thee? what's the Impostume
That swells them now?
Gent. The Murther of *Constantius*.
Vor. Ulcers of Realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his Reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now
When all their thanks are cold? the mutable hearts
That move in their false breasts! provide me safety,
Hark, I hear ruine threaten me with a voice *Enter a second Gentleman.*
That imitates thunder.
2[d] *Gent.* Where's the King?
Vor. Who takes him?
2[d] *Gent.* Send peace to all your Royal thoughts, my Lord,

A Fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their Service to you.
Vor. Saxons! my wishes, let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
They never could come happier. Enter *Hengist*, *Horsus*,
Heng. Health, power, and victory to *Vortiger*. *Souldiers.*
Vor. There can be no more pleasure to a King
If all the Languages earth spake were ransackt.
Your names I know not, but so much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects,
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.
Heng. The Mistress of our births hope, fruitful *Germany*,
Calls me *Hengistus*, and this Captain *Horsus*,
A man low built, but yet in deeds of Arms
Flame is not swifter: we are all, my Lord,
The Sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits:
And since after the rage of many a tempest
Our Fates have cast us upon *Britains* bounds,
We offer you the first fruits of our wounds.
Vor. Which we shall dearly prize, the mean'st blood spent
Shall at wealths fountain make its own content:
Heng. You double vigour in us then, my Lord,
Pay is the soul of such as thrive by th' Sword. *Exeunt:*

Enter Vortiger *and Gentlemen.* *Alarm and Skirmishes.*

1 *Gent.* My Lord, these Saxons bring a Fortune with them
Stay any Roman success.
Vor. On, speak forwards,
I will not take one minute from thy tydings.
1 *Gent.* The main supporters of this Insurrection
They have taken Prisoners, and the rest so tame
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.
Vor. Never came power guided by better stars
Then these mens fortitudes, yet th'are mis-believers,
Which to my reason is wonderous. *Enter* Hengist *and* Horsus
Y'have given me such a first taste of your worth *with Prisoners.*

'Twill

'Twill never from my love, when life is gone
The memory sure will follow, my soul still
Participating immortality with it.
But here's the misery of earths limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame which your own merits give you.
Heng. Indeed, my Lord, we hold, when all's summ'd up,
That can be made for worth to be express'd,
The fame that a man wins himself is best,
That he may call his own; honours put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'ne off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
So mans true fame must strike from his own deeds.
And since by this event which fortune speaks us
This Land appears the fair predestin'd soil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my Lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you please,
Where wee'l but keep a Nursery of good spirits
To fight for you and yours.
Vor. Sir, for our Treasure
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for y'are strangers in Religion chiefly,
(Which is the greatest Alienation can be
And breeds most factions in the blouds of men)
I must not yield to that.

Enter Symon *with a Hide.*

Heng. S'precious, my Lord,
I see a pattern, be it but so little
As yon poor Hide will compass.
Vor. How, the Hide!
Heng. Rather then nothing, Sir.
Vor. Since y'are so reasonable,
Take so much in the best part of our Kingdom.
Heng. We thank your Grace. Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,
And he shall fare well for't, what e're he be,
Wee'l thank our fortune in rewarding him.

Horsm.

Horsus. Stay, fellow.

Sym. How, fellow! 'tis more then you know Whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure you see me not.

Heng. Come, what's the price of your Hide?

Sym. Oh unreasonable Villain! He would buy the house over a mans head; I'le be wise now To make my bargain wisely, they may buy me out of my skin else; Whose Hide would you buy, a mine or the Beasts? There is little difference in their complexions, I think mine Is the blacker of the two; you shall see for your love, and buy for A pestilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me? (your money. You buy an Oxe hide? you buy a Calves Gather: they are all Hungry Souldiers, and I took them for honest Shoomakers.

Heng. Hold fellow, prithee hold; right a fool wordling That kicks at all good fortune. Whose man art thou?

Sym. I am a Servant, yet a masterless man, Sir.

Heng. Prithee how can that be?

Sym. Very nimbly, Sir, My Master is dead, and now I serve my Mistress, *Ergo*, I am a masterless man, she is now a widow, And I am the Foreman of her Tan-pit.

Heng. Hold you, and thank your Fortune, not your wit.

Sym. Faith, and I thank your bounty and not your wisdom, You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it seems: Now by this light a nest of Yellow Hammers! What will become of me? If I can keep all these without hanging My self, I am happier then a hundred of my Neighbours. You shall have my skin into the bargain, Then if I chance to dye like a Dog The labour will be sav'd of fleaing me; Ile undertake, Sir, you shall have All the skins in our Parish at this price, mens and womens.

Heng. Sirrah, give good ear to me; now take the Hide And cut it all into the slenderest thongs That can bear strength to hold.

Sym. That were a jest y'faith, Spoil all the Leather? fie and pity, Why 'twould shooe half your Army.

Heng.

Heng. Do it I bid you.

Sym. What, cut it all in thongs? hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman Gallants, that cannot wear
Good Suits but they must have them cut and slasht in giggets,
That the very crimson Taffaties sit blushing at their follies;
I would I might perswade you from this humour of cutting,
'Tis but a swaggering condition and nothing profitable: what if it
Were but well pinckt? 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

Heng. What a cross lump of ignorance have I lighted on?
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him;
Look you, to make you wiser then your Parents,
I have so much ground given me as this Hide will compass,
Which, as it is, is nothing.

Sym. Nothing quoth a,
Why 'twill not keep a Hog.

Heng. Now with the vantage
Cut into several pieces 'twill stretch fat
And make a liberal Circuit.

Sym. A shame on your crafty Hide
Is this your cunning? I have learnt more knavery now
Then ever I shall claw off while I live.
I'le go purchase land by Cow-tails and undo the Parish,
Three good Bulls pizzels would set up a man for ever.
This is like a pin a day to set up a Haberdasher of small wares.

Heng. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we must learn,
Set in a foot at first.

Sym. A foot do you call it?
The Devil is in that foot that takes up all this Leather.

Heng. Dispatch, and cut it carefully with all the advantage, Sirra.

Sym. You could never have lighted upon such a fellow
To serve your turn, Captain; I have such a trick of stretching too,
I learn'd it of a Tanners man that was hang'd
Last Sessions at *Maidstone*; I'le warrant you I'le get you a mile and a half
More then y'are aware of.

Heng. Pray serve me so as oft as you will, Sir.

Sym. I am casting about for 9 acres to make a garden plot,
Out of one of the Buttocks.

Heng.

Heng. 'Twill be a good soil for Nose-gayes.
Sym. 'Twill be a good soil for Cabbages to stuff out the guts
Of your Followers there?
Heng. Go see it carefully perform'd,
It is the first foundation of our fortunes
On *Britains* earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a respect neer link'd to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes, does it not, Captain?
Horf. How many have begun with less at first
That have had Emperours from their bodies sprung,
And left their Carcasses as much in monument.
As would erect a Colledge?
Heng. There's the fruits
Of their religious shew too, to lye rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble.
Horf. But where shall we make choice of our ground, Captain?
Heng. About the fruitful flanks of uberous *Kent*,
A fat and olive soil, there we came in;
Oh Captain, he has given he knows not what.
Horf. Long may he give so.
Heng. I tell thee, Sirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourscore Acres for a Garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well, but he came short of this.
Horf. Send over for more Saxons.
Heng. With all speed, Captain.
Horf. Especially for *Roxena*.
Heng. Who, my Daughter?
Hor. That Star of *Germany*, forget not her, Sir,
She is a fair fortunate Maid,
Fair she is, and fortunate may she be,
But in Maid lost for ever, my desire
Has been the close confusion of that name.
A treasure 'tis, able to make more Thieves
Then Cabinets set open to entice,
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.
Heng. Come, I'le dispatch with speed.
Horf. Do, forget none.

Heng. Marry pray help my memory.
Horſ. *Roxena* you remember?
Heng. What more dear Sir?
Horſ. I ſee your memory's clear, Sir.
Heng. Thoſe ſhouts leap'd from our Army.
Horſ. They were too cheerful
To voice a bad event.
Heng. Now, Sir, your News? *Enter a Gentleman.*
Gen. *Roxena* the fair.
Heng. True, ſhe ſhall be ſent for.
Gen. She's here, Sir.
Heng. What ſay'ſt?
Gen. She's come, Sir.
Horſ. A new youth begins me o're agen.
Gen. Followed you cloſe, Sir,
With ſuch a zeal as daughter never equall'd,
Expos'd her ſelf to all the mercileſs dangers
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding
Ought but your ſight.
Heng. Her love is infinite to me.
Horſ. Moſt charitably cenſur'd, 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own luſt, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearleſs as a Drunkard,
There's no true Loadſtone in the world but that,
It draws them through all ſtorms by Sea or ſhame,
Life's loſs is thought too ſmall to pay that game.
Gen. What follows more of her will you take ſtrongly.
Heng. How!
Gen. Nay 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart joy raviſh'd with your late ſucceſs
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So proſperouſly new opening at her coming,
She takes a Cup of Gold, and midſt the Army,
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulneſs,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the Kings joys and yours, the King in preſence,
Who with her ſight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,

But

But h.'s so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one mans time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.
Heng. This is astonishing!
Horf. Oh this ends bitter now, our close hid flame
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.
Heng. Gave you attention, Captain? how now man?
Horf. A kind of grief about these times of the Moon still,
I feel a pain like a Convulsion,
A Cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it. *Florish.*
Heng. Nor never seek one for it, let it go *Enter* Vortiger,
Without a name, would all griefs were serv'd so. Roxena, &c.
Horf. A Love knot already, arm in arm!
Vor. What's he lays claim to her?
Heng. In right of Father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.
Vor. Take it, and send back the rest.
Heng. What means your Grace?
Vor. You'le keep no more then what
Belongs to you?
Heng. That's all, my Lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the husbands Interest til he come,
Yet out of duty and respect to Majesty
I send her back your Servant.
Vor. My Mistress, Sir, or nothing.
Heng. Come again, I never thought to hear so ill of thee.
Vor. How, Sir, so ill?
Heng. So beyond detestable,
To be an honest Vassal is some Calling,
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't;
But Mistress that the only common bait
Fortune sets at all hours, catching Whore with it,
And plucks them up by Clusters. There's my sword, my Lord,
And if your strong desires aim at my bloud
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.
Vor. I ne're took sword in vain,
Hengist, we here create thee Earl of *Kent*.

Horf. Oh that will doe't.
Ver. What ails our friend? look to him.
Rox. Oh 'tis his Epilepſy, I know it well,
I helpt him once in *Germany*, comes it again?
A Virgins right hand ſtroak'd upon his heart
Gives him eaſe ſtraight, but it muſt be a pure Virgin,
Or elſe it brings no comfort.
Ver. What a task
She puts upon her ſelf, unurged purity!
The truth of this will bring loves rage into me.
Rox. Oh this would mad a woman, there's no proof
In love to indiſcretion.
Horf. Piſh, this cures not.
Rox. Doſt think I'le ever wrong thee?
Horf. Oh moſt feelingly,
But I'le prevent it now and break thy neck
With thy own cunning; thou haſt undertaken
To give me help, to bring in Royal credit
Thy crackt Virginity, but I'le ſpoil all,
I will not ſtand on purpoſe, though I could,
But fall ſtill, to diſgrace thee.
Rox. What, you will not?
Horf. I have no other way to help my ſelf,
For when th'art known to be a whore impoſterous
I ſhall be ſure to keep thee.
Rox. Oh, Sir, ſhame me not,
Y'have had what is moſt precious, try my faith,
Undo me not at firſt in chaſt opinion.
Horf. All this art ſhall not make me feel my Legs.
Rox I prithee do not wilfully confound me?
Horf. Well I am content for this time to recover
To ſave thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'ſt me, I will fall,
And thou ſhalt never get me up again.
Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, Sir, ſee, my Lord,
A poor maids work, the man may paſs for health now,
Among the cleareſt blouds, and thoſe are niceſt:
Ver. I have heard of women brought men on their knees,

But few that e're restor'd them, how now Captain?

Horf. My Lord, methinks I could do things past man
I'me so renew'd in vigour, I long most
For violent exercise to take me down,
My joy's so high in blood I'me above frailty.

Vor. My Lord of *Kent*?

Heng. Your loves unwon by Creature,

Vor. Seest thou this fair Chain? think upon the means
To keep it link'd for ever.

Heng. Oh my Lord,
'Tis many degrees hundred from my hope,
Besides Your Grace has a young vertuous Queen.

Vor. I say think on it.

Horf. If this wind hold I fall to my old disease.

Vor. There's no fault in thee but to come so late,
All else is excellent, I chide none but fate. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Horsus *and* Roxena.

Rox. I Have no conceit now that you ever lov'd me,
But as lust led you for the time.

Hor. See, see.

Rox. Do you pine at my advancement, Sir?

Hor. Oh barrenness
Of understanding! what a right love is this?
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended;
What height of honours, eminence of fortune
Should ravish me from you?

Rox. Who can tell that, Sir?
What's he can judge of a mans appetite
Before he sees him eat? who knows the strength of any's constancy

That

That never yet was tempted ? we can call
Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,
Th'are only ours, when they are past and done.
How blest are you above your apprehension,
If your desire would lend you so much patience
T'examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the times goodness to defend us!
First, this bold course of ours cannot last long,
Nor ever does in any without shame,
And that, you know, brings danger : and the greater
My Father is in blood, as he is well risen,
The greater will the storm of his rage be
Against his bloods wronging : I have cast for this,
'Tis not advancement that I dove alone,
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

Hor. Oh were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes should not be long in riding.

Rox. By what assurance have you held me thus far,
Which you found first, despair you not in that.

Hor. True, that was good security for the time,
But in a change of state, when y'are advanc'd

You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching ; or perhaps,
To bow in th'hams the better, he is put
To complement three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,
That's the more noble fashion : forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have
That do spring up from nothing, for by the same
Forgetting all they forget whence they came :
An excellent property of nobility.

Rox. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappiness, when we have given
All that we have to men, what's out required ?
An ill-fac'd jealousie, that resembles much
The mistrustfulness of an inferior thief

That

That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him? so are we
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousie.
Take reasons advice, and you'l find it firm, possible
For you to lose me in this Kings advancement
Who's an Usurper here, and as the Kingdom
So shall he have my love by usurpation,
The right shall be in thee still; my ascension
To dignity is but to wait thee higher,
And all Usurpers have the falling-sickness,
They cannot keep up long.

Hor. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in so weak a Bottom
And make a saving Voyage?

Rox. Nay as gainful
As ever man yet made.

Hor. Go, take thy fortunes,
Aspire with my consent, to thy ambition will be sure to prosper.
Speak the fair certainties of *Britains* Queen
Home to thy wishes.

Rox. Speak in hope I may
But not in certainty.

Hor. I say in both,
Hope and be sure I'le soon remove the Lett that stands
Between thee and thy Glory.

Rox. Life of Love!
If lost Virginity can win such a day
I'le have no daughter but shall learn my way. *Exit.*

Hor. 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs them,
May be some Son of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own Sisters. Peace, 'tis he, *Enter* Vortiger.
Invention fail me not, 'tis a gallant credit
To marry ones Whore bravely.

Vor. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command self
In my own bloud? After I was a King
I thought I never should have felt pain more,

That,

That there had been a ceasing of all passions
And common stings, which Subjects use to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities: But such as we
Know not the way to suffer, then to do it
How most prepost'rous 'tis? tush, riddles, riddles.
I'le break through custom, why should not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
Change of affections, as our Bodies are
Change of food and rayment? I'le have it so,
All fashions appear strange at first production,
But this would be well followed: Oh Captain I

Hor. My Lord I grieve for you, I scarce fetch breath
But a sigh hangs at the end of it, but this
Is not the way, if youl'd give way to counsel.

Vor. Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse thee
For lifting up my understanding to me
To shew that I was wrong: Ignorance is safe,
I then slept happily: If knowledge mend me not
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,
To wake me into judgement and then leave me.

Hor. I will not leave you, Sir, that were rudely done,
First y'have a flame too open and too violent,
Which like bloud-guiltiness in an Offender
Betrays him, when noughe else can: out with it, Sir,
Or let some cunning coverture be made
Before your practice enters, 'twill spoil all else.

Vor. Why, look you, Sir, I can be as calm as silence
All the while musick plays, strike on, sweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of Innocence;
I prithee take my temper; has a Virgin
A heart more modest?

Hor. He does well to ask me,
I could have told him once; why here's a government,
There's not a sweeter amity in friendship
Then in this League 'twixt you and health.

Vor. Then since
Thou find'st me capable of happiness,

Instruct

Inſtruct me with the practice.

Hor. What will you ſay, my Lord,
If I enſnare her in an action of luſt?
Oh there were art to the life, but 'tis impoſſible,
I prithee flatter me no farther with it;
Fye, ſo much ſin as goes to make up that
Will never prevail with her: why I'le tell you, Sir,
She's ſo ſin-killing modeſt, that if only
To move the queſtion were enough Adultery
To cauſe a ſeparation, there's no Gallant
So braſſie impudent durſt undertake
The words that ſhall belong to't.

Hor. Say you ſo, Sir?
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't,
Though ſome be harder then the reſt to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think
I have took the courſe to light on it.

Vor. Oh I pray for't.

Hor. I heard you lately ſay (from whence, my Lord,
My practice receiv'd life firſt) that your Queen
Still conſecrates her time to Contemplation,
Takes ſolitary walks.

Vor. Nay late and early,
Commands her weak Guard from her, which are but
Women at ſtrongeſt.

Hor. I like all this, my Lord,
And now, Sir, you ſhall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modeſt women,
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts:
Now there be ſome will catch up men as faſt,
But thoſe She-Fowlers nothing concern us,
Their Birding is at Windows, outs abroad,
Where Ring-doves ſhould be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaſt Maids, what the appetite has a mind to.

Vor. Make no pauſe then.

Hor. The honeſt Gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor Soul, ſhe's entic'd forth by her own Sex

To be betray'd to man, who in some Garden-house
Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
Binds darkness on her eye-lids, surprizes her,
And having a Coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he list for the sins safety,
Making a rape of honour without words,
And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
Some three days after, sends her coach'd again
To the same place, and, which would make most mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd,
There's the dear precious mischief.

Vor. Is this practis'd?

Hor. Too much, my Lord, to be so little known,
A Springe to catch a Maiden-head after Sun-set,
Clip it, and send it home again to the City,
There 'twill ne're be perceiv'd.

Vor. My raptures want expression,
I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great. *Exit.*

Hor. I praise it then, my Lord, I knew 'twould take. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Castiza (*with a Book*) *and two Ladies.*

Cast. Methinks you live strange lives! When I see it not
It grieves me less, you know how to ease me then;
If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence
You would bestow it upon me without asking.

1 *La.* Faith, for my part, were it no more for
Ceremony then for Love,
You should walk long enough without my attendance,
And so think all my Fellows, though they say nothing;
Books in womens hands are as much against the hair, methinks,

As

As to see men wear stomachers, or night rayles;
She that has the Green-sickness and should follow her counsel,
Would dye like an Ass, and go to the worms like a sallad;
Not I, so long as such a Creature as man is made,
She is a fool that knows not what he is good for. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Cast. Though among lives elections, that of Virgin
I did speak noblest of; yet it has pleas'd the King
To send me a contented blessedness
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted; *Enter* Vortiger
I see the Kings affection was a true one, *and* Horsus
It lasts and holds out long, that's no mean vertue *disguised.*
In a commanding man, though in great fear
At first I was enforc'd to venture on it.

Vor. All's happy, clear and safe.

Hor. The rest comes gently on.

Vor. Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,
For fear of my discovery.

Hor. Now fortune, and I am sped.

Cast. Treason, treason!

Hor. Sirrah, how stand you? prevent noise and clamour,
Or death shall end thy Service.

Vor. A sure Cunning.

Cast. Oh rescue, rescue.

Hor. Dead her voice, away, make speed.

Cast. No help, no succour?

Hor. Louder yet, extend
Your voice to the last rack, you shall have leave now,
Y'are far from any pity.

Cast. What's my sin?

Hor. Contempt of man, and he's a noble Creature,
And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.

Cast. I never despis'd any.

Hor. No? you hold us
Unworthy to be loy'd, what call you that?

Cast. I have a Lord disproves you.

Hor. Pish, your Lord?
Y'are bound to love your Lord, that is no thanks to you;
You should love those you are not tyed to love,

That's the right tryal of a womans Charity.

Cast. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is,
If it be life you seek, what ere you be,
Use no immodest words, and take it from me,
You kill me more in talking sinfully
Then acting Cruelty; be so far pitiful
To end me without words.

Hor. Long may you live,
'Tis the wish of a good Subject, 'tis not life
That I thirst after, Loyalty forbid
I should commit such Treason; you mistake me,
I have no such bloudy thought, only your love
Shall content me.

Cast. What said you, Sir?

Hor. Thus plainly,
To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
I must and will enjoy thee: gone already?
Look to her, bear her up, she goes apace,
I fear'd this still, and therefore came provided,
There's that will fetch life from a dying spark
And make it spred a Furnace, she's well straight,
Pish, let her go, she stands upon my knowledge,
Or else she counterfeits, I know the vertue.

Cast. Never did sorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with such cruelties, such hard hearted ways
Humane invention never found before.
To call back life to live is but ill taken
By some departing Soul; then to force mine back
To an eternal act of death in lust,
What is it, but most execrable?

Hor. So, so;
But this is from my business, list to me,
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,
Save what you make in me, 'scape me you cannot,
Send your Soul that assurance; that resolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever shall,
I need not fear you then; but give consent,
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend

I'le open my ſelf to you, fall your ſervant,
As I do now in hope, proud of ſubmiſſion,
And ſeal the deed up with eternal ſecreſie,
Not death ſhall pluck it from me, much leſs the Kings
Authority or torture.
Vor. I admire him.
Caſt. Oh, Sir, what e're you are, I teach my knee
Thus to require you, be content to take
Only my ſight, as ranſom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darkneſ
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'le ſpare moſt willingly, but take not from me
That which muſt guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever, faſt without
That curſed pleaſure which will make two ſouls
Endure a famine everlaſtingly.
Hor. This almoſt moves.
Vor. By this light he'le be taken.
Hor. I'le wreſtle down all pity, what, will you conſent?
Caſt. I'le never be ſo guilty.
Hor. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I ſeize you.
Caſt. Oh if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleneſs, *Vort. ſnatches*
And all the charms of honour. *her away.*
Hor. Ah ha, here's one caught
For an example, never was poor Lady
So mock'd into falſe terrour, with what anguiſh
She lyes with her own Lord? now ſhe could curſe
All into barrenneſs, and beguil her ſelf by it.
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taſte grief, or love,
And as that reliſhes ſo we approve:
Hence comes it that our taſte is ſo beguil'd,
Changing pure bloud for ſome that's mix'd and ſoil'd. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACT. 3. SCENA 3.

Enter Hengist.

Heng. A Fair and fortunate Conſtellation reign'd
When we ſet foot here, for from his firſt gift
(Which to a Kings unbounded eyes ſeem'd nothing)
The Compaſs of a Hide, I have erected
A ſtrong and ſpacious Caſtle, yet contain'd my ſelf
Within my limits, without check or cenſure.
Thither, with all th'obſervance of a Subject,
The livelieſt witneſs of a grateful mind,
I purpoſe to invite him and his Queen
And feaſt them nobly.

Bar. We will enter, Sir,
'Tis a ſtate buſineſs, of a twelve moneth long,
The chuſing of a Mayor.

Heng. What noiſe is that?

Tuy. Sir, we muſt ſpeak with the good Earl of *Kent*,
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honeſt, Sir, as ſome that do. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Heng. Now, Sir, what's the occaſion of their clamours?

Gen. Pleaſe you, my Lord, a company of Townes-men
Are bent againſt all denials and reſiſtance
To have ſpeech with your Lordſhip, and that you
Muſt end a difference, which none elſe can do.

Heng. Why then there's reaſon in their violence,
Which I ne're look'd for: firſt let in but one, *Exit Gentleman.*
And as we relish him the reſt come on.
'Tis no ſafe wiſdom in a riſing man
To ſlight off ſuch as theſe, nay rather theſe
Are the foundations of a lofty work,

We

We cannot build without them, and ſtand ſure.
He that firſt aſcends to a Mountains top
Muſt begin at the foot. Now, Sir, who comes? *Enter Gent.*
Gen. They cannot yet agree, my Lord, of that;
They ſay 'tis worſe now then it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming firſt th'are all at odds;
One ſays he ſhall loſe his place in the Church by't,
Another will not do his wife that wrong,
And by their goodwills they would all come firſt.
The ſtrife continues in moſt heat, my Lord,
Between a Country Barber and a Taylour
Of the ſame Town, and which your Lordſhip names
'Tis yielded by conſent that he ſhall enter.
Heng. Here's no ſweet quoyl, I am glad they are ſo reaſonable,
Call in the Barber, if the Tale be long
He'le cut it ſhort I truſt, that's all the hope; *Enter Barber.*
Now, Sir, are you the Barber?
Bar. Oh moſt barbarous!
A Corrector of enormities in hair, my Lord,
A promooter of upper lips, or what your Lordſhip,
In the neatneſs of your diſcretion, ſhall think fit to call me.
Heng. Very good, I ſee you have this without book,
But what's your buſineſs?
Bar. Your Lordſhip comes to a very high point indeed,
The buſineſs, Sir, lyes about the head.
Heng. That's work for you.
Bar. No, my good Lord, there is a Corporation,
A Body, a kind of Body.
Heng. The Barber is out at the Body, let in the Taylour;
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profeſſion,
When you let go your head, you loſe your memory:
You have no buſineſs with the Body.
Bar. Yes, Sir,
I am a Barber-Chirurgeon, I have had ſomething to do with it
In my time, my Lord, and I was never ſo out of the body
As I have been of late, ſend me good luck, I'le marry ſome whore
But I'le get in again.

Heng.

Heng. Now, Sir, a good discovery come from you.

Tay. I will rip up the Linings to your Lordship,
And shew what stuff 'tis made of; for the Body
Or Corporation—

Heng. There the Barber left indeed.

Tay. 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

Heng. A patcht Town the whilest.

Tay. Nor can we go through stitch, my noble Lord,
The choler is so great in the one party.
And as in linsey-woolsey wove together,
One piece makes several suits, so, upright Earl,
Our linsey-woolsey hearts make all this coyl.

Heng. What's all this now? I am ne're the wiser yet, call in
Now, Sirs, what are you?

Glo. Sir, reverence on your Lordship,
I am a Glover.

Heng. What needs that then?

Glo. Sometimes I deal in dogs leather, Sir, reverence the wh

Heng. Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.

Glo. I were an Ass else, saying your Lordships presence;
We have a Body, but our Town wants a hand,
A hand of Justice, a worshipful Master Mayor:

Heng. This is well handled yet, a man may take some hold
On it. You want a Mayor?

Glo. Right, but there's two at fifty cuffs about it, Sir, as I may say
At daggers drawing, but that I cannot say, because they have none;
And you being Earl of *Kent*, our Town does say
Your Lordships voice shall part and end the fray.

Heng. This is strange work for me, well Sir, what be they?

Glo. The one is a Tanner.

Heng. Fye, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that Trade
To put it to my voice; what is his name?

Glo. Symon.

Heng. How *Symon* too?

Glo. Nay 'tis but *Symon* one, Sir,
The very same *Symon* that sold your Lordship a H—

Heng. What sayest thou?

Glo.

Glo. That's all his glory, Sir, he got his Masters
Widow by it presently, a rich Tanners wife, she has set him up,
He was her Fore-man a long time in her other husbands days.
Heng. Now let me perish in my first aspiring
If the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Do not most highly take me, 'tis a presage, methinks,
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine
When my Fates Gloworm casts forth such a shine.
And what are those that do contend with him?
Tay. Marry, my noble Lord, a Fustian Weaver.
Heng. How, he offer
To compare with *Symon*! he a fit match for him!
Bar. Hark, hark, my Lord, here they come both in a pelting chafe
From the Town-house.
Sym. How, before me? I scorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd sing'd Pig.
Oliver. Pig? I defie thee,
My Uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the motion.
Sym. I list not brook thy vaunts, compare with me?
Thou Spindle of Concupiscence, 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a Flax-wench.
Ol. But such a Flax-wench
Would I might never want at my need, nor any friend of mine,
My Neighbours knew her, thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.
Sym. Use better words, I'le hang thee in my yeat else,
Let who will chuse thee afterwards.
Glo. Peace for shame,
Quench your great spirit, do not you see his Lordship?
Heng. What, Master *Symonides*?
Sym. Symonides?
What a fair name hath he made of *Symon*!
Then he's an Ass that calls me *Symon* again,
I am quite out of love with it.
Heng. Give me thy hand,
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.
Sym. I took a widow, my Lord,
To be the best piece of ground to thrive on,
And by my faith, my Lord, there's a young *Symonides*,

Like a green Onyon, peeping up already.

Heng. Th'hast a good lucky hand.

Sym. I have somewhat, Sir.

Heng. But why to me is this election offer'd?
The chusing of a Mayor goes by most voices.

Sym. True, Sir, but most of our Townsmen are so hoarse
With drinking, there's not a good voice among them all.

Heng. Are you content to put it to all these then?
To whom I liberally resign my Interest
To prevent censures.

Sym. I speak first, my Lord.

Ol. Though I speak last, my Lord, I am not least,
If they will cast away a Town-born Child, they may,
It is but dying some forty years before my time.

Heng. I leave you to your choice awhile. *Exit.*

All. Your good Lordship.

Sym. Look you Neighbours, before you be too hasty, let *Oliver*
The Fustian-Weaver, stand as fair as I do, and the Devil
Do him good on't.

Ol. I do, thou upstart Callymoocher, I do,
'Tis well known to the Parish I have been twice Ale-Cunner,
Thou mushrom, that shot'st up in a night,
By lying with thy Mistress.

Sym. Faith thou art such a spiny Baldrib,
All the Mistresses in the Town will never get thee up.

Ol. I scorn to rise by a woman, as thou didst,
My Wife shall rise by me.

Glo. I pray leave your Communication,
We can do nothing else.

Ol. I gave that Barber a Fustian-Suit,
And twice redeem'd his Cittern, he may remember me.

Sym. I fear no false measure but in that Taylor,
The Glover and the Button-maker are both cock-sure;
That Colliers eye I like not:
Now they consult, the matter is in brewing,
Poor *Gill* wy wife lyes longing for the news,
'Twill make her a glad Mother.

All. A *Symon*, a *Symon*,

Symon.

Sym. Good people I thank you all.

Ol. Wretch that I am,
Tanner, thou haſt curried favour.

Sym. I curry, I defie thy Fuſtian fume.

Ol. But I will prove a Rebel all thy year
And raiſe up the ſeven deadly ſins againſt thee. *Exit.*

Sym. The deadly ſins will ſcorn to riſe by thee,
If they have any breeding,
As commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every ſcab
To be acquainted with them; but leaving the ſcab, to you good
Neighbours now I bend my ſpeech. Firſt, to ſay more then a man
Can ſay, I hold it not fit to be ſpoken; but to ſay what a man
Ought to ſay, there I leave you alſo. I muſt confeſs your loves
Have choſen a weak and unlearned man; that I can neither write
Nor read you all can witneſs; yet not altogether ſo unlearned, but I
Can ſet my mark to a Bond, if I would be ſo ſimple; an excellent
Token of Government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done
You know not what, there's a full point. There you muſt all
Cough and hem. *Here they all cough and hem.*
Now touching our common adverſary the Fuſtian-Weaver,
Who threatens he will raiſe the deadly ſins among us,
Let them come, our Town is big enough to hold them,
We will not ſo much diſgrace it; beſides you know
A deadly ſin will lye in a narrow hole; but when they think
Themſelves ſafeſt, and the web of their iniquity beſt woven,
With the horſe-ſtrength of my Juſtice I will break through the
Loom of their concupiſcence, and make the Weaver go ſeek his
Shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'l do me the
Favour. *They cough and hem again.*
Why I thank you all, and it ſhall not go unrewarded.
Now for the deadly ſins, Pride, Sloth, Envy, Wrath; as for
Covetouſneſs and Gluttony, I'le tell you more when I come
Out of my Office; I ſhall have time to try what they are,
I will prove them ſoundly, and if I find Gluttony and Covetouſneſs
To be directly ſins, I'le bury the one in the bottom of a Cheſt,
And the other in the end of my Garden. But Sirs, for Leachery,
I'le tickle that home my ſelf, I'le not leave a Whore in the Town.

Bar. Some of your Neighbours muſt ſeek their

Wives in the Country then.

Sym. Barber, be silent, I will
Cut thy Comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villany of
All Trades, my own I know already; if there be any knavery
In the Baker, I will boult it out; if in the Brewer, I will taste him
Throughly, and piss out his iniquity at his own suck-hole:
In a word, I will knock down all enormities like a Butcher,
And send the Hide to my fellow Tanners.

All. A *Symonides*, a true *Symonides* indeed. *Enter* Hengist *and* Roxena.

Heng. How now, how goes your choice?

Tay. This is he, my Lord.

Sym. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take
The upper hand of your Lordship:
I'le not lose an inch of my honour.

Heng. Hold Sirs, there's some few Crowns to mend your feast,
Because I like your choice.

Bar. Joy bless you, Sir,
We'le drink your health with Trumpets.

Sym. I with Sack-butts,
That's the more solemn drinking for my state,
No malt this year shall fume into my pate. *Exit cum suis.*

Heng. Continue still that favour in his love.

Rox. Nay with encrease, my Lord, the flame grows greater,
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To set a skreen before it. *Enter* Vortiger *and* Horsus.

Heng. Speak lower.

Hor. Heard every word, my Lord.

Vor. Plainly?

Hor. Distinctly;
The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd my self behind the Hangings
Even just before his entrance.

Vor. 'Twas well ventur'd.

Hor. I had such a womans first and second longing in me
To hear her how she would bear her mock'd abuse
After she was return'd to privacy,
I could have fasted out an Ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her;

Then

Then came your holy *Lupus* and *Germanus*.
Vor. Two holy Confeſſors.
Hor. At whoſe firſt ſight
I could perceive her fall upon her breaſt
And cruelly afflict her ſelf with ſorrow;
I never heard a ſigh till I heard hers,
Who after her Confeſſion pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now ſhe holds, to keep it hid from you,
There's all the pleaſure that I took in't now,
When I heard that my pains was well remembred.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an eaſie grief.
But yet the taſte is not quite gone.
Vor. Still fortune
Sits bettering our Inventions. *Enter* Caſtiza.
Hor. Here ſhe comes.
Caſt. Yonder's my Lord, oh I'le return again,
Methinks I ſhould not dare to look on him.
Hor. She's gone again.
Vor. It works the kindlier, Sir.
Go now and call her back, ſhe winds her ſelf
Into the ſnare ſo prettily, 'tis a pleaſure
To ſet toils for her.
Caſt. He may read my ſhame
Now in my bluſh.
Vor. Come y'are ſo link'd to holineſs,
So ta'ne with contemplative deſires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.
Caſt. Not I, my Lord.
Vor. Truſt me I fear you have, y'are much to blame
To yield ſo much to paſſion without cauſe.
Is not ſome time enough for meditation?
Muſt it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into times conſumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
My Lord of *Kent*? I prithee wake him, Captain,

He

He reads himself asleep sure.

Hor. My Lord?

Vor. Nay,
I'le take away your Book and bestow't here.

Heng. Your pardon, Sir.

Vor. Lady, you that delight in Virgins stories,
And all chast works, here's excellent reading for you;
Make of that Book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow sick to part from. And now, my Lord,
You that have so conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made so large use of a slender gift,
Which we ne're minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your Building may to all Ages
Carry the stamp and impress of your wit,
It shall be call'd *Thong-Castle*.

Heng. How? my Lord,
Thong-Castle! there your Grace quitts me kindly.

Vor. 'Tis fit Art should be known by its right name,
You that can spread my gift, I'le spread your fame.

Heng. I thank your Grace for that.

Vor. And loved Lord,
So well we do accept your Invitation,
With all speed we'le set forwards.

Heng. Your Honour loves me. *Exit.*

Acts

ACT. 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Symon *and all his Brethren, a Mace and Sword before him, meeting* Vortiger, Castiza, Hengist, Roxena, Horsus, *two Ladies.*

Sym. LO I, the Mayor of *Quinborough* by name,
With all my Brethren, saving one's that lame,
Are come as fast as fiery Mill-horse gallops
To greet thy Grace, thy Queen and her fair Trollops.
For reason of our coming do not look,
It must be done, I find it i'th' Town-book;
And yet not I my self, I cannot read,
I keep a Clark to do those jobbs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before *Thong-Castle* see thee;
Reach me the thing to give the King, the other too I prithee:
Now here they be for Queen and thee, the gift all steel & leather;
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To shew two Loves must joyn in one, our Town presents by me
This gilded Scabberd to the Queen, this Dagger unto thee.

Vor. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,
I hate them, as I do the roots of your
Inconstant Rabble, I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your Bounties with your Iron wits. *Exit cum sociis.*

Sym. Look Sirs, is his back turn'd?

All. It is, it is.

Sym. Then bless the good Earl of *Kent*, say I,
I'le have this Dagger turn'd into a Pye,
And eaten up for anger every bit on't.
And when this pye shall be cut up by some rare cunning Pye-man,
They shall full lamentably sing, Put up thy Dagger *Symon.* *Ex.*

All

ACT. 4. SCENA 2.

Enter *Hengiſt, Horſus, Vortiger, Devonſhire, Stafford, Caſtiza, Roxena, Ladies.*

Heng. A Welcome (mighty Lord) may appear coſtlier,
More full of toil and talk, ſhew and conceit,
But one more ſtor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the ſons of men to boaſt of.

Vor. Why there's a Fabrick that implies eternity,
The building plain, but moſt ſubſtantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruine,
Saving that Maſter-piece of Conſummation,
The end of time, which muſt conſume even ruine,
And eat that into Cinders.

Heng. There's no braſs
Would paſs your praiſe, my Lord, 'twould laſt beyond it,
And ſhame our durableſt mettal.

Vor. Horſus!

Hor. My Lord!

Vor. This is the time I have choſen; here's a full meeting,
And here will I diſgrace her.

Hor. 'Twill be ſharp, my Lord.

Vor. Oh 'twill be beſt.

Hor. Why here's the Earl her Father.

Vor. I and the Lord her Uncle, that's the height of it,
Invited both on purpoſe, to riſe ſick
Full of ſhames ſurfeit.

Hor. And that's ſhrewd b'er lady,
It ever ſticks cloſe to the ribs of honour;
Great men are never ſound men after it,
It leaves ſome ache or other in their names ſtill,

Which

Which their posterity feels at every weather.
Vor. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me.
Hor. My observance is all yours, you know't, my Lord;
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be Assurers of mens Goods
'Gainst storms or Pirates, which gives Adventurers Courage,
So such there must be to make up mans theft,
Or there would be no woman Venturer left.
See, now they find their seats, what a false knot
Of Amity he tyes about her Arm,
Which rage must part? in marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Musick? then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place.
Vor. Where's Captain *Horsu?*
Sit, sit, we'le have a health anon to all good services.
Hor. They are poor in these days, th'had rather have the Carp
Then the health; he hears me not,
And most great men are deaf on that side.
Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, I thank you for this welcome,
It came unthought of in the sweetest Language
That ever my soul reliſh'd.
Heng. You are pleas'd, my Lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings,
To shew what power's in Princes; not in us
Ought worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly sad, my Lord, your Queen's not merry.
Vor. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight——
Cast. My Lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.
Vor. That's not so.
Cast. How? oh my fears!
Vor. When she writ Maid, my Lord,
You knew her otherwise.
Devon. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth.

Nor taken much with any one delights,
Though there be many seemly and honourable
To give content to Ladies without taxing.
Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, this to thy full deserts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
Heng. Which, like a river, shall return in service
To the great Master-Fountain.
Vor. Where's your Lord?
I miss'd him not till now; Lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were so out of the way
Of all pleasant discourse; they are the keys
Of humane Musick, sure at their Nativities
Great Nature sign'd a general Parent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole Kingdome.
What's their employment now?
1 *Lad.* May it please your Grace,
We never are so far acquainted with them,
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
That's even the fashion of them all, my Lord.
Vor. It seems y'have great thought in their constancies,
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.
2 *Lad.* Hope well we do, my Lord, we have reason for it,
Because they say brown men are honestest,
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.
Vor. They would for yours.
2 *Lad.* Truth 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loth to put mine to't my Lord.
Vor. Faith dare you swear for your selves, that's a plain question.
2 *Lad.* My Lord?
Vor. You cannot deny that with honour,
And since 'tis urg'd, I'le put you to't in troth.
1 *Lad.* May it please your Grace?
Vor. 'Twould please me very well,
And here's a Book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity;
Come swear (I have sworn you shall) that you ne're knew
The will of any man, besides your husbands.
2 *Lad.* I'le swear, my Lord, so far as my remembrance.

Vor.

Vor. How? your remembrance! that were strange.

1 *Lad.* Your Grace
Hearing our just excuse, will not say so.

Vor. Well, what's your just excuse? y'are ne're without some.

1 *Lad.* I am often taken with a sleep, my Lord,
The loudest thunder cannot waken me,
Not if a Cannons burthen be discharg'd
Close by my ear; the more may be my wrong,
There can be no infirmity, my Lord, more excusable in any woman.

2 *Lad.* And I am so troubled with the Mother too,
I have often call'd in help, I know not whom,
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.

Vor. I perceive there's no fastening: well fare one then
That never deceives faiths Anchor of her hold,
Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the Star
To guide those erring women, shew the way
Which I will make them follow; why do'st start,
Draw back, and look so pale?

Cast. My Lord?

Vor. Come hither,
Nothing but take that Oath; thou'lt take a thousand,
A thousand! Nay a Million, or as many
As there be Angels Registers of Oaths.
Why look thee, over-fearful Chastity,
(That sinn'st in nothing but in too much niceness)
I'le begin first, and swear for thee my self,
I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,
So sure, so absolute, I will not pant on it,
But catch time greedily. By all those blessings
That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses
That with their barren breaths blast perjury,
Thou art as pure as Sanctities best shrine
From all mans mixture, save what's lawful mine.

Cast. Oh Heaven forgive him, he has forsworn himself.

Vor. Come, 'tis but going now my way.

Cast. That's bad enough.

Vor. I have clear'd all doubts you see.

Cast. Good my Lord spare me.

Vor. How? it grows later then so, for modesties sake
Make more speed this way.

Cast. Pardon me, my Lord,
I cannot.

Vor. What?

Cast. I dare not.

Vor. Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.

Devon. Here's a storm
Able to make all of our name inhumid,
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame
To set the honours of their bloods right here
Hundred years after; a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be choakt now with a poor grain
Of dust and earth, her Uncle and my self
Wild in this tempest, as ever robb'd mans peace,
Will undertake upon lifes deprivation
She shall accept this oath.

Vor. You do but call me then
Into a world of more despair and horrour;
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd
In high scorn to be touch'd, with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or by the Issues of abus'd belief
I'le take the forfeit of Lives, Lands, and Honours,
And make one ruine serve our joys and yours.

Cast. Why here's a height of miseries never reach'd yet,
I lose my self and others.

Devon. You may see
How much we lay in Ballance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went; for we presume
You cannot be religious and so vile.

Cast. As to forswear my self, 'tis truth, great Sir,
The honour of your Bed hath been abus'd.

Vor. Oh beyond patience!

Cast. But give me hearing, Sir,
'Twas far from my consent, I was surpriz'd
By Villaines, and so raught.

Vor.

Vor. Hear you that, Sirs?
Oh cunning texture to incloſe Adultery!
Mark but what ſubtile veil her ſin puts on,
Religion brings her to confeſſion firſt,
Then ſteps in Art to ſanctifie that luſt.
'Tis likely you could be ſurpriz'd.

Caſt. My Lord!

Vor. I'le hear no more, our Guard, ſeize on thoſe Lords:

Devon. We cannot periſh now too faſt, make ſpeed
To ſwift deſtruction; he breathes moſt accurſt
That lives ſo long to ſee his name dye firſt.

Hor. Here's no dear villany!

Heng. Let him intreat, Sir,
That falls in ſaddeſt grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this Building, my Lord.

Rox. What if he ſhould cauſe me to ſwear too, Captain?
You know I am as far to ſeek in honeſty
As the worſt here can be; I ſhould be ſham'd too.

Hor. Why, fool, they ſwear by that we worſhip not,
So you may ſwear your heart out, and ne're hurt your ſelf.

Rox. That was well thought on, I had quite loſt my ſelf elſe.

Vor. You ſhall prevail in noble ſuits, my Lord,
But this does ſhame the ſpeaker.

Hor. I'le ſtep in now,
Though it ſhall be to no purpoſe; good my Lord
Think on your noble and moſt hopeful Iſſue
Lord *Vortimer*, the Prince.

Vor. A Baſtard, Sir,
I would his life were in my fury now.

Caſt. That injury ſtirs my Soul to ſpeak the truth
Of his conception; here I take the Book, my Lord:
By all the glorified rewards of Virtue
And prepared puniſhments for conſents in ſin,
A Queen's hard ſorrow ne're ſupplyed a Kingdom
With Iſſue more legitimate then *Vortimer*.

Vor. This takes not out the ſtain of preſent ſhame,
Continuance crowns deſert, ſhe ne're can go
For perfect honeſt that's not always ſo.

Beſhrew

Beſhrew thy heart for urging this excuſe,
Th'haſt juſtified her ſomewhat.

Hor. To ſmall purpoſe.

Vor. Among ſo many women not one here
Dare ſwear a ſimple Chaſtity! here's an Age
To propagate vertue in: ſince I have begun,
I'le ſhame you all together, and ſo leave you.
My Lord of *Kent*!

Heng. Your Highneſs?

Vor. That's your Daughter?

Heng. Yes my good Lord.

Vor. Though I am your Gueſt to day,
And ſhould be leſs auſtere to you or yours,
In this caſe pardon me, I may not ſpare her.

Heng. Then her own goodneſs friend her; ſhe comes my Lord.

Vor. The tender reputation of a Maid
Makes your honour, or elſe nothing can;
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white ſoul, a mighty Task;
What dare you do in this?

Rox. My Lord, as much
As Chaſtity can put a woman to,
I ask no favour; and t'approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time profeſſeth,
As likewiſe to require all courteous cenſure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falſhood, or ſanctity from ſtain.

Vor. Oh thou treaſure that raviſhes the poſſeſſor!
I know not where to ſpeed ſo well again,
I'le keep thee while I have thee; here's a Fountain
To ſpring forth Princes, and the ſeeds of Kingdoms. (pledges,
Away with that infection of black honour, and thoſe ber leprous
Here will we ſtore ſucceſſion with true peace, *Exeunt all but* Horſus.
And of pure Virgins grace the poor increaſe.

Hor. Ha ha, he's well provided now, here ſtruck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence ſhe ſwore honeſt,
Having th'advantage of the Oath? Precious Whore.
Methinks I ſhould not hear from fortune next

Under

Under an Earldom now; she cannot spend
A night so idly, but to make a Lord
With ease methinks and play: the Earl of *Kent*
Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water;
He has some secret way, I know his bloud,
The grave's not greedier, nor Hells Lord more proud.
Something will hip; for this astonishing choice
Strikes pale the Kingdom, at which I rejoyce. *Exit.*

Dumb show. *Enter* Lupus, Germanus, Devonshire, *and* Stafford, *leading* Vortimer, *and Crown him:* Vortiger *comes to them in passion, they neglect him. Enter* Roxena *in fury expressing discontent, then they lead out* Vortimer; Roxena *gives two Villains gold to murther him, they swear performance and go with her.* Vortiger *offers to run on his sword,* Horsus *prevents him, and perswades him; the Lords bring in* Vortimer *dead;* Vortiger *mourns and submits to them, they swear him, and Crown him. Then Enters* Hengist *with Saxons,* Vortiger *draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a Parley, which* Hengist *seems to grant by laying down his weapons, so all depart severally.*

Enter *Raynulphus.*

Ray. Of Pagan bloud a Queen being chose,
Roxena hight, the *Britains* rose
For *Vortimer*, and crown'd him King,
But she soon poyson'd that sweet Spring.
Then unto Rule they did restore
Vortiger, and him they swore
Against the Saxons; they (constrain'd)
Begg'd Peace, Treaty, and obtain'd;
And now in numbers equally
Upon the Plain neer *Salisbury*,
A peaceful meeting they decreen
Like men of love, no Weapon seen.

But *Hengist*, that ambitious Lord,
Full of guil, corrupts his word,
As the sequel too well proves;
On that your eyes, on us your loves. *Exit.*

Enter Hengist *with Saxons.*

Heng. If we let slip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing; we are loose at root,
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom
Of this Lands hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness
Will endure after Ages.
Sax. We are resolv'd, my Lord.
Heng. Observe you not how *Vortiger* the King,
Base in submission, threatned our expulsion,
His arm held up against us? Is it not time
To make our best prevention? what should check me?
He has perfected that great work in our Daughter,
And made her Queen, she can ascend no higher,
Therefore be quick, dispatch; here, every man
Receive into the service of his Vengeance
An instrument of Steel, which will unseen
Lurk like a snake under the innocent shade
Of a spred Summer-leaf, there fly you on,
Take heart, the Commons love us, those remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatness stands improv'd.
Sax. Give us the word, my Lord, and we are perfect.
Heng. That's true, the word, I lose my self. *Nemp your Saxes.*
It shall be that.
Sax. Enough Sir, then we strike.
Heng. But the King's mine, take heed you touch him not.
Sax. We shall not be at leasure, never fear it,
We shall have work enough of our own, my Lord. *Enter* Vortiger *and British Lords.*
Heng. Calm looks but stormy souls possess you all.
Vor. We see you keep your words in all points firm.
Heng. No longer may we boast of so much breath

As goes to a words making, then of care
In the preſerving of it, when 'tis made.
Vor. Y'are in a vertuous way, my Lord of *Kent*,
And ſince both ſides are met like Sons of peace,
All other arms laid by in ſigns of favour
If our conditions be embrac'd.
Heng. They are:
Vor. We'le uſe no other but theſe only here:
Heng. Nempe your Sexes:
Brit. Treaſon, treaſon!
Heng. Follow it to the heart, my truſty Saxons,
It is your liberty, your wealth and honour. Soft, you are mine, my (Lord.
Vor. Take me not baſely, when all ſence & ſtrength
Lies bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What Devil hath breath'd this everlaſting part
Of falſhood into thee?
Heng. Let it ſuffice,
I have you, and will hold you Priſoner,
As faſt as death holds your beſt props in ſilence:
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution, which we hate
With a joynt loathing: may all periſh thus
That ſeek to ſubjugate or leſſen us.
Vor. Oh the ſtrange nooks of guil or ſubtilty,
When man ſo cunningly lyes hid from man!
Who could expect ſuch treaſon from thy breaſt,
Such thunder from thy voice? or takeſt thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teemes a ſudden ſtorm,
When the world leaſt expects one? but of all
I'le ne're truſt fair skie in a man again,
There's the deceitful weather; will you heap
More guilt upon you, by detaining me,
Like a Cup taken after a ſore ſurfeit
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What ſeek you?
Heng. Ranſom for your Liberty
As I ſhall like of, or you ne're obtain it.

Vor. Here's a moſt headlong dangerous ambition,
Sow you the ſeeds of your aſpiring hopes
In bloud and treaſon, and muſt I pay for them?
Heng. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merit, ſince you enforce it.
Vor. There's even the general thanks of all Aſpirers,
When they have a la Kingdom can impart,
They write above it ſtill their own deſert.
Heng. I have writ mine true, my Lord.
Vor. That's all their ſayings.
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a Queen?
Heng. You have the harmony of your pleaſure for it,
You Crown your own deſires, what's that to me?
Vor. And what will Crown yours, Sir?
Heng. Faith things of reaſon,
I demand *Kent*.
Vor. Why y'have the Earldom of it.
Heng. The Kingdom of't I mean, without controul,
In full poſſeſſion.
Vor. This is ſtrange in you.
Heng. It ſeems y'are not acquainted with my bloud
To call this ſtrange.
Vor. Never was King of *Kent*
But who was general King.
Heng. I'le be the firſt then,
Every thing has beginning.
Vor. No leſs Title?
Heng. Not if you hope for liberty, my Lord.
So dear a happineſs would not be wrong'd with ſlighting.
Vor. Very well, take it, I reſign it,
Heng. Why I thank your Grace.
Vor. Is your great thirſt yet ſatisfied?
Heng. Faith, my Lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming Siſters,
Norfolk and *Suffolk*, and I have done with you.
Vor. Y'have got a dangerous thirſt of late, my Lord,
How e're you came by it.
Heng. It behoves me then

For

For my bloods health to seek all means to quench it.

Vor. Them too?

Heng. There will nothing be abated, I assure you.

Vor. You have me at advantage, he whom fate
Does captivate must yield to all; take them.

Heng. And you your liberty and peace, my Lord,
With our best love and wishes. Here's an hour
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power. *Exit cum suis.*

Vor. Are these the noblest fruits and fairest requitals
From works of our own raising?
Methinks the murther of *Constantius*
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late Queen, slipp'd both into one Organ. *Enter* Horsus.
Ambition, hell, my own undoing, lust,
And all the brood of Plagues conspire against me.
I have not a friend left me.

Hor. My Lord, he dyes
That says it but your self, were't that Thief-King
That has so boldly stoln his honours from you,
A treason that wrings tears from honest Man-hood.

Vor. So rich am I now in thy love and pity
I feel no loss at all; but we must part,
My Queen and I to *Cambria*.

Hor. My Lord, and I not nam'd,
That have vow'd lasting service to my lives extreamest minute?

Vor. Is my sick fate blest with so pure a friend!

Hor. My Lord, no space of Earth, nor breadth of Sea
Shall divide me from you.

Vor. Oh faithful treasure!
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. *Exit.*

Hor. I'le follow you through the world, to cuckold you,
That's my way now; every one has his Toy
While he lives here; some men delight in Building,
A trick of *Babel*, which will ne're be left;
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling,
Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCENA 1.

Enter Symon *and his Brethren*, Aminadab *his Clerk*,

Sym. IS not that Rebel *Oliver*, that Traytor to my year,
Prehended yet?
Ami. Not yet, so please your Worship.
Sym. Not yet say'st thou? how durst thou say, not yet,
And see me present? thou malapert, that art good for nothing
But to write and read. Is his Loom seiz'd upon?
Ami. Yes, if it like your Worship, and 16 yards of Fustian.
Sym. Good, let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the Legs,
The rest cut in pieces and given to the poor,
'Tis Heretick Fustian, and should be burnt indeed,
But being worn thred-bare the shame will be as great,
How think you Neighbours?
Glo. Greater methinks the longer it is wore,
Where being once burnt it can be burnt no more.
Sym. True wise and most senseless. How now, Sirra, *Enter a*
What's he approaching here in dusty pumps? *Footman.*
Ami. A Footman, Sir, to the great King of *Kent*.
Sym. The King of *Kent*? shake him by the hand for me,
Th'art welcome, Footman, loe, my Deputy shakes thee,
Come when my year is out, I'le doe't my self.
If 'twere a Dog that came from the King of *Kent*,
I keep those Officers would shake him, I trow.
And what's the News with thee, thou well stew'd Footman?
Foot. The King my Master—
Sym. Ha?
Foot. With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.
Sym. Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,

And

And take it in ill part, ſo tell *Kents* King.
Why was I choſen, but that great men ſhould make
Merry with me? there is a jeſt indeed;
Tell him, I lookt fort't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget *Sym* that cut out his thongs.

Foot. I'le run with your Worſhips anſwer. *Exit.*

Sym. Do I prithee;
That fellow will be roſted againſt ſupper,
He's half enough already, his Brows baſte him.
The King of *Kent*! the King of *Kirſendome*
Shall not be better welcome; for you muſt imagine now, Neighbours,
This is the time when *Kent* ſtands out of *Kirſendome*,
For he that's King here now was never kirſen'd;
This for your more Inſtruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your Children wit.
Clerk!

Ami. At your Worſhips elbow.

Sym. I muſt turn you
From the Hall to the Kitchin to night. Give order that 12 Pigs be
Roſted yellow; 9 Geeſe, and ſome 3 Larks for piddling meat;
And twenty Woodcocks, I'le bid all my Neighbours;
Give charge the mutton come in all bloud-raw, that is Infidels meat,
The King of *Kent* is a Pagan, and muſt be ſerv'd ſo.
And let thoſe Officers that ſeldom, or never go to Church
Bring it in, 'twill be the better taken. Run, run, come you hither
Now, take all my Cuſhions down and thwack them ſoundly,
After my Feaſt of Millers; for their Buttocks
Have left a peck of flower in them, beat them carefully
Over a bolting hutch, there will be enough
For a Pan-pudding, as your Dame will handle it.
Then put freſh water into both the Bough-pots,
And burn a little Juniper in the Hall-Chimney,
Like a beaſt as I was, I piſt out the fire laſt night,
And never dreamt of the Kings coming. How now,
Returned ſo quickly?

Ami. Pleaſe your Worſhip here are
A certain Company of Players.

Sym. Ha, Players!

Amin.

Ami. Country Comedians, Interluders, Sir,
Desire your Worships favour
And leave to enact in the Town-Hall.

Sym. In the Town-Hall?
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that;
Call them before my Worship. *Enter Cheaters.*
If my house will not serve their turn, I would fain see
The proudest he lend them a barn:
Now, Sirs, are you Comedians?

2 *Cheat.* We are Sir, Comedians, Tragedians,
Tragi-Comedians, Comi-Tragedians, Pastorists,
Humorists, Clowntists, Satyrists; we have them Sir,
From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.

Sym. Y'are very strong in the wrist methinks;
And must all these good parts be cast away
Upon Pedlers, and Malt-men, ha?

1 *Cheat.* For want of better company, if it please your Worship.

Sym. What think you of me my Masters?
Hum; have you audacity enough
To play before so high a person as my self? will not
My countenance daunt you? for if you play before me
I shall often look on you, I give you this warning before hand,
Take it not ill my Masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you;
It is my humour, but be not you abash'd.

1 *Cheat.* Sir, we have plaid before a Lord e're now,
Though we be Country Actors.

Sym. A Lord? ha, ha,
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to please a Mayor.

2 *Cheat.* We have a Play wherein we use a horse.

Sym. Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house,
My rooms are rubb'd, keep it for Hackney-men.

1 *Cheat.* We'le not offer it to your Worship.

Sym. Give me a Play without a Beast, I charge you.

2 *Cheat.* That's hard, without a Cuckold or a Drunkard?

Sym. Oh those Beasts are often the best men in a Parish,
And must not be kept out. But which is your merriest play?

That

That I would hearken after.

2 *Cheat.* Your Worship shall hear
Their names, and take your Choice.

Sym. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, Sir.

2 *Cheat.* The Whirligig, the Whibble, the Carwidgen.

Sym. Hey day, what names are these?

2 *Cheat.* New names of late.
The Wild-goose Chase.

Sym. I understand thee now.

2 *Cheat.* Gull upon Gull.

Sym. Why this is somewhat yet.

1 *Cheat.* Woodcock of our side.

Sym. Get thee further off then.

2 *Cheat.* The Cheater and the Clown.

Sym. Is that come up again?
That was a Play when I was Prentice first.

2 *Cheat.* I, but the Cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the Clown with new additions.

Sym. Then is your Clown a Coxcomb, which is he?

1 *Cheat.* This is our Clown, Sir.

Sym. Fye, fye, your Company
Must fall upon him and beat him, he's too fat y'faith
To make the people laugh.

1 *Cheat.* Not as he may be dreſt, Sir.

Sym. Faith dreſs him how you will, I'le give him that gift
He will never look half ſcurvily enough.
Oh the Clowns that I have ſeen in my time!
The very peeping out of one of them would have made
A young heir laugh, though his Father lay a dying;
A man undone in Law the day before (the ſaddeſt caſe that can be)
Might for his 2^d have burſt himſelf with laughing,
And ended all his miſeries. Here was a merry world, my Maſters!
Some talk of things of State, of puling ſtuff;
There's nothing in a Play to a Clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed,
The King ſhews well, but he ſets off the King;
But not the King of *Kent*, I mean not ſo,
The King is one, I mean, I do not know.

2 *Cheat.*

2 *Cheat.* Your Worſhip ſpeaks with ſafety, like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater. *Ex. Players.*

Sym. Away then, ſhift, Clown, to thy motley Crupper,
We'le ſee them firſt, the King ſhall after ſupper.

Glo. I commend your Worſhips wiſdom in that, Mr. Mayor.

Sym. Nay 'tis a point of Juſtice, if it be well examined,
Not to offer the King worſe then I'le ſee my ſelf;
For a Play may be dangerous, I have known
A Great man poyſoned in a Play.

Glo. What have you, Mr. Mayor?

Sym. But to what purpoſe many times I know not.

Felt. Methinks they ſhould deſtroy one another ſo.

Sym. Oh no no, he that's poyſoned is always made privy to it,
That's one good order they have among them. What joyful throat
Is that, *Aminadab*? what is the meaning of this cry? *A ſhout within.*

Ami. The Rebel is taken.

Sym. Oliver the Puritan?

Ami. Oliver Puritan and Fuſtian-Weaver altogether.

Sym. Fates I thank you for this victorious day,
Bonfires of peaſe-ſtraw burn, let the Bells ring.

Glo. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

Sym. 'Las the Tenor's broken, ring out the Treble, *Oliver is*
I am overcloy'd with joy; welcome thou Rebel; *brought in.*

Oli. I ſcorn thy welcome, I.

Sym. Art thou yet ſo ſtout?
Wilt thou not ſtoop for grace? then get thee out.

Oli. I was not born to ſtoop but to my Loom,
That ſeiz'd upon, my ſtooping days are done;
In plain terms, if thou haſt any thing to ſay to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding place,
I underſtand there are Players in thy houſe,
Diſpatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the Brethren.

Sym. Nay now proud Rebel, I will make thee ſtay,
And to thy greater torment ſee a Play.

Oli. Oh Devil, I conjure thee by *Amſterdam.*

Sym. Our word is paſt,
Juſtice may wink a while, but ſee at laſt:

The Play begins, hold, ſtop him, ſtop him.

Oli. Oh that prophane trumpet! oh, oh.

Sym. Set him down there I charge you Officers.

Oli. I'le hide my ears and ſtop my eyes.

Sym. Down with his golls I charge you.

Oli. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation!
For Rebels there are many deaths, but ſure the only way
To execute a Puritan is ſeeing of a Play.
Oh I ſhall ſwound!

Sym. Which if thou doſt, to ſpite thee,
A Players Boy ſhall bring thee *Aqua-vitæ.* *Enter* 1 *Cheater.*

Oli. Oh I'le not ſwound at all for't, though I dye.

Sym. Peace, here's a Raſcal, lift and edifie.

1 *Cheat.* I ſay ſtill he's an Aſs that cannot live by his wits.

Sym. What a bold Raſcal's this? he calls us all Aſſes at firſt daſh,
Sure none of us live by our wits, unleſs it be *Oliver* the Puritan.

Ol. I ſcorn as much to live by my wits as the proudeſt of you all.

Sym. Why then y'are an Aſs for company, ſo hold your prating.

2 *Cheat.* Fellow in arms, welcome, *Enter ſecond*
The News, the News? *Cheater.*

Sym. Fellow in arms, quoth he?
He may well call him fellow in arms.
I am ſure th'are both out at the Elbows.

2 *Cheat.* Be lively, my heart, be lively, the Booty is at hand,
He's but a fool of a Yeomans eldeſt Son,
He's ballanc'd on both ſides, Bully; he's going to buy houſhold-ſtuff
With one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.

1 *Cheat.* And if t'is be his laſt day, my Chuck,
He ſhall forfeit his Leaſe, quoth the one pocket,
And eat his meat in wooden Platters, quoth the other.

Sym. Faith then he's not ſo wiſe as he ought to be, to let
Such Tatterdemallians get the upper hand of him. *Ent. Clown.*

1 *Cheat.* He comes.

2 *Cheat.* I, but ſmally to our comfort, with both his hands in
His pockets; how is it poſſible to pick a Lock, when the Key
Is on the inſide of the Door?

Sym. Oh neighbours here's the part now
That carries away the Play, if the Clown miſcarry,

Farewell my hopes for ever, the Play's spoil'd.

Clo. They say there is a foolish kind of thing call'd a Cheater
Abroad, that will gull any Yeomans Son of his purse,
And laugh in his face like an Irishman.
I would fain meet with some of these Creatures,
I am in as good state to be gull'd now as ever I was in my life,
For I have two purses at this time about me, and I would fain be
Acquainted with that Rascal that would take one of them now.

Sym. Faith thou may'st be acquainted with two or three
That will do their good wills I warrant thee.

1 *Cheat.* That way's too plain, too easie I am afraid.

2 *Cheat.* Come, Sir, your most familiar Cheats take best;
They shew like natural things and least suspected,
Give me a round shilling quickly.

1 *Cheat.* It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.

2 *Cheat.* Thou art too covetous, let's have one out first, prithee,
There's time enough to fetch out th'other after.
Thou liest, 'tis lawful currant money. *They draw.*

1 *Cheat.* I say 'tis Copper in some Countries.

Clo. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.

2 *Cheat.* Copper? I defie thee, and now I shall disprove thee,
Look you, here's an honest Yeomans son of the Country,
A man of Judgement.

Clo. Pray you be covered, Sir,
I have Eggs in my Cap, and cannot put it off.

2 *Cheat.* Will you be tryed by him?

1 *Cheat.* I am content, Sir.

Sym. They look rather as if they would be tryed next Sessions.

1 *Cheat.* Pray give your judgement of this piece of Coin, Sir.

Clo. Nay if it be Coin you strive about,
Let me see it, I love money.

1 *Cheat.* Look on it well, Sir. *They pick*

2 *Cheat.* Let him do his worst, Sir. *his pockets.*

Clo. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are so cholerick.

2 *Cheat.* Nay rub it and spare not, Sir.

Clo. Now by this silver, Gentlemen,

It

It is good money, would I had a hundred of them.

2 *Cheat.* We hope well, Sir; th'other pocket
And we are made men. *Exeunt.*

Sym. Oh neighbours, I begin to be ſick of this fool,
To ſee him thus couzen'd, I would make his caſe my own.

Clo. Still would I meet with theſe things call'd Cheaters.

Sym. A whoreſon Coxcomb, they have met with thee,
I can no longer endure him with patience.

Clo. Oh my rent, my whole years rent!

Sym. A murrain on you,
This makes us Landlords ſtay ſo long for our money.

Clo. The Cheaters have been here.

Sym. A ſcurvey hobby-horſe,
That could not leave his money with me, having ſuch a Charge
About him; a pox on thee for an Aſs, thou play a Clown?
I will commit thee for offering it; Officers, away with him.

Clo. What means your Worſhip? why you'l ſpoil the Play, Sir.

Sym. Before the King of *Kent* ſhall be thus ſerv'd,
I'le play the Clown my ſelf, away with him.

Clo. With me? if it pleaſe your Worſhip, 'twas my part.

Sym. But 'twas a fooliſh part as ever thou plaid'ſt in thy life,
I'le make thee ſmoak for it, I'le teach thee to underſtand
To play a Clown, thou ſhalt know, every man
Is not born to it, away with him quickly, *Exit Clown.*
He'le have the other Pocket pickt elſe, I heard them ſay it
With my own ears; ſee he's come in another diſguiſe
To cheat thee again. *Enter ſecond Cheater.*

2 *Cheat.* Piſh, whither goes he now?

Sym. Come on, Sir, let us ſee what your *He throws off*
Knaveſhip can do at me now, *his Gown, diſ-*
You muſt not think you have a Clown in hand, *covering his*
The fool I have committed too, for playing the part. *doublet with*

2 *Cheat.* What's here to do? *a ſatten fore-*

Clo. Fie, good Sir come away, *part and a*
Will your Worſhip baſe your ſelf to play a Clown? *Canvas back.*

2 *Cheat.* I beſeech your Worſhip let us have our own Clown,
I know not how to go forwards elſe.

Sym. Knave, play out thy part with me,

Or I'le lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.
Why how now, my Masters, who is that laugh'd at me?
Cannot a man of Worship play the Clown a little for his pleasure
But he must be laugh'd at? do you know who I am?
Is the Kings Deputy of no better account among you?
Was I chosen to be laugh'd at? where's my Clerk?

Ami. Here, if it please your Worship.

Sym. Take a Note of all those
That laugh at me, that when I have done I may commit them.
Let me see who dare do it now. And now to you once again
Sir Cheater, look you, here are my purse-strings, I do defie thee.

2 *Cheat.* Good Sir, tempt me not, my part is so written
That I should cheat your Worship if you were my Father.

Sym. I should have much joy to have such a Rascal to my Son.

2 *Cheat.* Therefore I beseech your Worship pardon me, the part
Has more Knavery in it then when your Worship saw it at first,
I assure you you'l be deceiv'd in it, Sir, the new Additions
Will take any mans purse in *Kent* or *Kirsendome*.

Sym. If thou canst take my purse, I'le give it thee freely,
And do thy worst, I charge thee; as thou'lt answer it.

2 *Cheat.* I shall offend your Worship.

Sym. Knave, do it quickly.

2 *Cheat.* Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for mee

Sym. Oh bless me, Neighbours, I am in a Fogg, *Throws meal*
A Cheaters Fogg, I can see no body. *in his face,*

Glo. Run, follow him, Officers. *takes his purse,*

Sym. Away, let him go, *& Exit.*
He will have all your purses, if he come back,
A pox on your new Additions, they spoil all the plays
That ever they come in, the old way had no such roguery in it;
Calls you this a merry Comedy, when a mans eyes are put out in't?
Brochet Honey-suckle.

Felt. What says your sweet Worship.

Sym. I make you Deputy to rule the Town till I can see again,
Which will be within these nine days at farthest.
Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear *Oliver* the Rebel
Laugh at me; a pox on your Puritan face, this will make you in
Love with Plays as long as you live.

We

We ſhall not keep you from them now.
Oli. In ſincerity,
I was never better pleas'd at an exerciſe. Ha, ha, ha.
Sym. Neighbours, what colour was the duſt
The Raſcal threw in my face?
Glo. 'Twas meal, if it pleaſe your Worſhip.
Sym. Meal? I am glad of it,
I'le hang the Miller for ſelling it.
Glo. Nay ten to one
The Cheater never bought it, he ſtole it certainly.
Sym. Why then I'le hang the Cheater for ſtealing it,
And the Miller for being out of the way when he did it.
Felt: I but your Worſhip was in the fault your ſelf,
You bid him do his worſt.
Sym. His worſt? that's true,
But the Raſcal hath done his beſt; for I know not how a Villain
Could put out a mans eyes better, and leave them in his head,
As he has done mine.
Ami. Where is my Maſters Worſhip?
Sym. How now *Aminadab*? I hear thee though I ſee thee not.
Ami. You are ſure couzened, Sir, they are all profeſſed Cheaters,
They have ſtoln two ſilver ſpoons, and the Clown took his heels
With all celerity; they only take the name of Country-Comedians
To abuſe ſimple people with a printed play or two,
Which they bought at *Canterbury* for ſix pence,
And what is worſe, they ſpeak but
What they liſt of it, and fribble out the reſt.
Sym. Here's no abuſe to the Common-wealth,
If a man could ſee to look into it, *Enter* Hengiſt.
But mark the Cunning of theſe cheating ſlaves,
Firſt they make Juſtice blind, then play the Knaves.
Heng. Where's Mr. Mayor?
Glo. Od's precious Brother, the King of *Kent* is newly alighted.
Sym. The King of *Kent*? where is he,
That I ſhould live to this day,
And yet not live to ſee to bid him welcome?
Heng. Where is *Symonides*, our friendly Hoſt?
Sym. Ah blind as one that had been fox'd a ſevenight.

Heng.

Heng. Why how now man?
Sym. Faith practising a Clowns part for your Grace
I have practis'd both my eyes out.
Heng. What need you practise that?
Sym. A man is never too old to learn, your Grace will say so,
When you hear the jest of it; the truth is, my Lord, I meant
To have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep
Water and Oatmeal; I shall see again at Supper,
I make no doubt of it. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Heng. This is strange to me, Sirs.
Gent. Arm, arm, my Lord!
Heng. What's that?
Gent. With swiftest speed, if ever you'l behold
The Queen your Daughter alive again.
Heng. *Roxena*?
Gent. They are besieged, *Aurelius*,
Ambrose, and his Brother *Uther*,
With numbers infinite of British Forces,
Beset their Castle, and they cannot scape
Without your speedy succour.
Heng. For her safety I'le forget food and rest: away.
Sym. I hope your Worship will hear the jest e're you go.
Heng. The jest! torment me not.
Sym. I'le follow you to *Wales* with a Dog and a Bell
But I will tell it you.
Heng. Unseasonable Folly! *Exit cum suis.*
Sym. 'Tis sign of war when great men disagree;
Look to the Rebel well, till I can see,
And when my sight is recover'd, I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.
Oli. My eyes? hang thee,
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first,
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACT. 5. SCENA 2.

Enter Aurelius *and* Uther *with Soldiers,* (Vortiger *and* Horsus *above.*)

Uther. MY Lord, the Caſtle is ſo fortified.
Aur. Let wild-fire ruine it,
That his deſtruction may appear to him
In the figure of Heavens wrath at the laſt day,
That Murtherer of our Brother. Hence away,
I'le ſend my heart no peace till it be conſum'd.
Uth. There he appears again, behold, my Lord.
Aur. Oh that the zealous fire on my Souls Altar,
To the high Birth of Virtue conſecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blaſt him,
Even as I look upon him.
Uth. Good my Lord,
Your anger is too noble and too precious
To waſte it ſelf on guilt ſo foul as his;
Let ruine work her will.
Vor. Begirt all round?
Hor. All, all, my Lord, 'tis folly to make doubt of it,
You queſtion things that horror long ago
Reſolv'd us on.
Vor. Give me leave, *Horſus*, though——
Hor. Do what you will, Sir, queſtion them again,
I'le tell them to you.
Vor. Not ſo, Sir,
I will not have them told again:
Hor. It reſts then.
Vor. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no reſt at all, but torment making.

Hor.

Hor. True, my heart finds it; that fits weeping bloud now
For poor *Roxena's* safety. You'l confess, my Lord,
My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have liv'd like *Hengist*, King of *Kent*,
London, *York*, *Lincoln*, and *Winchester*,
Under the power of my Command, the portion
Of my most just desert, enjoyed now
By pettier Deservers.

Vor. Say you so, Sir,
And you'l confess? since you began Confession
(A thing I should have died e're I had thought on)
Y'have mar'd the fashion of your affection utterly,
In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me,
You were bound in conscience to love me after,
You were bound to't, as men in honesty,
That vitiate Virgins, to give Dowries to them;
My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.

Hor. My Lord, my Counsel——

Vor. Why I'le be judg'd by these
That knit death in their Brows, and hold me now
Not worth the acception of a flattery,
Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once; my Lords:

Uth. Reply not, Brother.

Vor. Seeds of scorn, I mind you not,
I speak to them alone whose force makes yours a power,
Which else were none. Shew me the main food of your hate,
Which cannot be the Murther of *Constantius*
That crawls in your Revenges; for your loves
Were violent long since that.

1 *Lo.* And had been still,
If from that Pagan wound th'hadst kept thee free,
But when thou fledd'st from Heaven, we fled from thee.

Vor. This was your Counsel now.

Hor. Mine? 'twas the Counsel
Of your own lust and bloud, your appetite knows it.

Vor. May thunder strike me from these walls, my Lords,
And leave me many Leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man, whose Stygian Soul

Breath'd

Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole Plotter
Of all those false injurious disgraces
That have abus'd the vertuous patience
Of our Religious Queen.

Hor. A Devil in madness!

Vor. Upon whose life, I swear, there sticks no stain
But what's most wrongful, and where now she thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her Ravisher was, and his the Policy.

Aur. Inhumane practice!

Vor. Now you know the truth,
Will his death serve your fury?

Hor. My death?

Vor. Say, will it do it?

Hor. Say they should say 'twould doe't?

Vor. Why then it must.

Hor. It must?

Vor. It shall, speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.

Hor. Believe him not, he cannot do it.

Vor. Cannot?

Hor. 'Tis but a false and base Insinuation
For his own life, and like his late submission.

Vor. Oh sting to honour, alive or dead thou goest *Stabs him.*
For that words rudeness only.

1 *Lo.* See, sin needs
No other destruction then it breeds in its own bosom.

Vor. Such another brings him.

Hor. What, has thy vile rage stamp'd a wound upon me?
I'le send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.

Vor. How, to my soul?

Hor. It shall be thy master-torment
Both for the pain and the everlastingness.

Vor. Ha, ha, ha.

Hor. Dost laugh? take leave of it, all eternity
Shall never see thee do so much again:
Know th'art a Cuckold.

Vor. What!

Hor. You change too soon, Sir.

Roxena, whom th'hast rais'd to thy own ruine,
She was my Whore in *Germany*.
Vor. Burst me open the violence of whirl-winds!
Hor. Hear me out first,
For her embrace, which my flesh yet sits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
Vor. Deafen me
Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!
Hor. And to serve both our lusts I practis'd with thee
Against thy vertuous Queen.
Vor. Bane to all Comforts!
Hor. Whose faithful sweetness, too precious for thy bloud,
I made thee change for loves Hypocrisie.
Vor. Insufferable!
Hor. Only to make thy way to pleasure fearless, free & fluent.
Vor. Hells Trump is in that throat.
Hor. It shall sound shriller. *They stab each other.*
Vor. I'le damme it up with death first. *Rox. enters in fear.*
Rox. Oh for succour!
Who's neer me? help me, save me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young *Mortimer*, the Prince,
Whose life I took by poyson.
Hor. Hold out breath and I shall find thee quickly.
Vor. I'le tug thy soul out here.
Hor. Do Monster!
Rox. Vortiger!
Vor. Monster!
Rox. My Lord!
Vor. Toad, Pagan.
Hor. Viper, Christian.
Rox. Oh hear me,
Oh help me, my Love, my Lord, 'tis here.
Horsus look up, if not to succour me,
To see me yet consum'd; oh what is love
When life is not regarded?
Vor. What strength's left I'le fix upon thy throat. *Both stab,*
Hor. I have some force yet. *Hor. falls.*
Rox. No way to scape? is this the end of glory?

Doubly

Doubly beſet with enemies reach and fire;
It comes nearer, rivers and fountains fall,
It ſucks away my breath, I cannot give
A curſe to ſin, and hear't out while I live. Help, help. *She falls.*

Ver. Burn, burn, now I can t nd thee,
Take time with her in torment, call her life
A far off to thee, dry up her ſtrumper-blood,
And hard'y parch the skin, let one heat ſtrangle her,
Another fetch her to her ſenſe again,
And the worſt pain be only her reviving,
Follow her eternally; oh myſtical Harlot,
Thou haſt thy full due, whom luſt crown'd Queen before
Flames crown her now a moſt triumphant Whore.
And that end crowns them all. *He falls.*

Aur. Our peace is full,
In yon Uſurpers fall, nor have I known
A Judgement meet more fearfully.
Here, take this Ring, deliver the good Queen,
And thoſe grave pledges of her murthered honour,
(Her worthy Father, and her noble Uncle.)
How now! the meaning of theſe ſounds? *Enter* Hengiſt,
Heng. The Conſumer has been here, ſhe's gone, Devon. Staf.
In glowing Cinders now lye all my joys, (ſhe's loſt, & *Soldiers.*
The headlong Fortune of my raſh Captivity
Strikes not ſo deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loſs.

Aur. Her Father and her Uncle?

1 *Lo.* They are indeed, my Lord.

Aur. Part of my wiſhes,
What fortunate power has prevented me,
And e're my love came, brought them victory?

1 *Lo.* My wonder ſticks in *Hengiſt* King of *Kent.*

Devon. My Lord, to make that plain which now I ſee
Fix'd in aſtoniſhment; the only name
Of your Return and Being brought ſuch gladneſs
To this diſtracted Kingdom, that, to expreſs
A thankfulneſs to Heaven, it grew great
In charitable Actions, from which goodneſs

We taste our liberty, who lly'd engag'd
Upon the Innocence of womans honour,
(A kindness that even threatned to undo us)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness
To intercept this Monster of Ambition,
Bred in these times of Usurpation,
The rankness of whose Insolence and Treason
Grew to such height, 'twas arm'd to bid you Battle.
Whom, as our fames Redemption, on our knees
We present Captive.

Aur. Had it needed reason
You richly came provided, I understood
Not your deserts till now; my honoured Lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst
Could not be satisfied under a Province?

Heng. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole Kingdome had been mine,
That was my hopes great aim; I have a thirst
Could never have been full quench'd under all,
The whole must doe't or nothing.

Aur. A strange drought!
And what a little ground shall death now teach you
To be content withal?

Heng. Why let it then,
For none else can, y'have nam'd the only way
To limit my Ambition, a full cure
For all my fading hopes and fickly fears;
Nor shall it be less we come to me now
Then a fresh acquisition would have been
Unto my new built Kingdoms; Life to me,
('Less it be glorious) is a misery.

Aur. That pleasure we will do you; Lead him out,
And when we have inflicted our just doom
On his usurping head, it will become
Our pious care to see this Realm secur'd
From the Convulsions it hath long endur'd. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.